

# 40+ Vol, #28 - © 2023.

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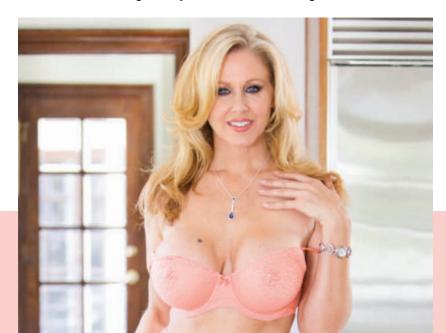
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Tanya was looking forward to her afternoon tryst with hottie Sara Luvv. Once they get their hands on each other, it's gonna be hard to seperate them. Tanya's titties come flying out of her bra and into Sara's mouth. In return Sara treats Tanya to her wet, sweet little pussy.

























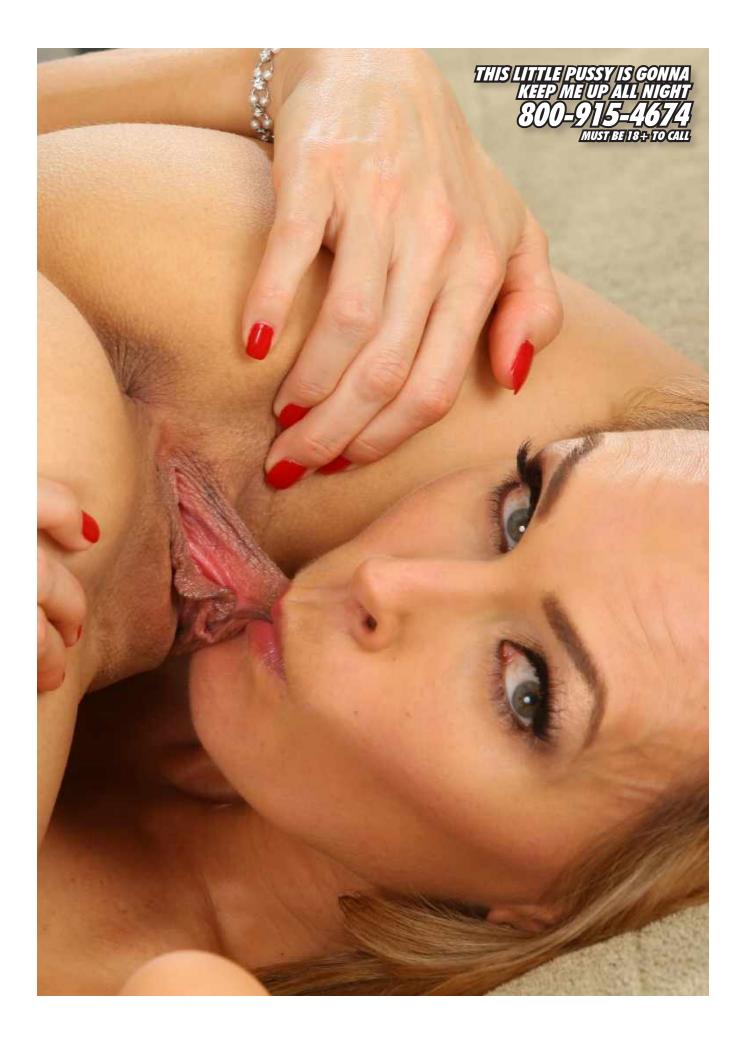












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## THE LONG FLIGHT

I've never been a big fan of flying, and going long distances almost always makes it worse. I say "almost" because last year's transatlantic flight turned into one of the best adventures I've ever had. My best friend, Kara, and I were going together for a conference that I wasn't particularly looking forward to. Not that my dread could keep Kara down.

She's an adventurous red head for whom everything is like a game. Me, on the other hand, I'm a sensible brunette with, as Kara put it, "far too little sex life." Even though she has the ability to drive me crazy sometimes, she's always been an amazing friend who's been there for me through pretty much everything.

On this trip, she helped pass the time, first by taking care of pretty much everything so that all I had to do was curl up next to my window and wait for the nightmare to be over. But that's where things started to turn. She kept talking to me until we were airborne, joking and babbling on about the conference, the guy she was dating, the guy I was dating, and every little thing she could think of to just distract me. And that was when it happened.

As she leaned over me to get a better view out the window, her hand seemed to "slip," brushing against my boobs before settling on my crotch.

I gave her a look, which she only returned with a playful wink as she leaned back in her seat. Suddenly, I realized that I was her game for the flight. My heart started to race, and I stared out the window so that she wouldn't be able to see how red my face was. But it was a long flight, and Kara had a lot more patience than I did.

She took advantage of the small seat space

as her hands started to wander, settling on my thigh underneath the tray table, rubbing it sensually and moving dangerously close to my pussy and clit again. I looked back at her, enjoying the attention and keeping the focus off the flight, but also not sure what, exactly, she was looking for. That's when she leaned it and

told me she wanted to eat me out.

I was dumbfounded and turned back toward the window, gathering my thoughts, even as my fingers slid between hers. Finally, I decided I needed to go to the bathroom, and as I awkwardly climbed over her seat, Kara quickly snapped forward and buried her face in my crotch and looking up at me with a wink.

Somehow, I made it to the bathroom and gave my-

self a minute to figure out what I wanted. But Kara had that planned out too. As I stepped out, there she was, standing just outside with a huge grin. I stepped back and she followed me inside, shutting the door in the tight space and immediately throwing her arms around me and bringing me in to make out.

I closed my eyes and stopped thinking, allowing myself to just enjoy the feel of her tongue lashing against my lips and deep into my mouth. Finally, I wrapped my arms back around her and returned the kisses, allowing my own tongue to sweep out and explore my friend's mouth.

We made out for who knows how long. When I finally let go, I suddenly didn't care, 40+ #27

40+: I'm on my way to finally meet Janet Mason, and I must say I'm pretty



excited to meet with her.

Janet: You're late, and I'm hungry. (she smirks at me)

40+: Sorry Janet, blame it on the 101. I'm starved. Let's order. But first, thanks for meeting me. I'm so excited to ask you a few questions.

Janet: (to waiter)
I'll have two eggs

just happy to find such appreciation. But when we pulled apart, Kara had another surprise for me. Pushing me back (and copping a feel of my boobs in the process), she knelt down, staring hungrily at my crotch. She reached up and pulled at my pants, revealing my trimmed pubes and nervous clit.

With a single finger on her lips, she leaned in close and let her tongue start flicking at my clit, toying with me at first, but finally, starting to let it slowly slide inside my pussy. I had to put my hand over my mouth quickly in order to keep myself from screaming. And Kara only looked happy with herself at the almost instant pleasure she was giving me.

She took her time, letting her tongue play both inside and out, and occasionally letting her fingers do some of the work. She pushed me right to the edge, but wouldn't let me actually cum, instead, getting up and pulling my pants back up with a teasing, almost taunting smile as she leaned in to kiss me again. She told me she wanted to keep me horny the whole trip, and, with a last kiss, suddenly turned and headed back out into the main cabin, looking extremely pleased with herself.

She got what she wanted as we had sex a dozen different times and ways over the weeklong trip, but more importantly, she found a way for me to enjoy the long flight.

- *Naomie L.*, at 35,000 ft.

## **WEATHER DELAY**

A deluge drummed against the roof of the team bus. Thunder clapped. The occasional streak of lighting lashed the ashen sky.

I sat on the back row, waiting out the storm with the rest of my AA League teammates. Rain was no big deal. Hell, we played in heavy downpours all the time. But the lightening was another matter. For safety reasons, the officiating crew had decided to delay the game until weather conditions improved.

The team was silent, the tension a palpable thing. This afternoon's contest was a high stakes affair—the southeast regional semifinal. Today's winner advanced to the national



tournament. My teammates and I were eager to take the field, eager to take care of business. But Mother Nature had had other ideas; for some unforeseen reason she had seen fit to delay the contest.

Now it was a frustrating waiting game.

I was a bundle of nervous energy. Luckily the storm was fast-moving. "It should be out of here in about thirty minutes," Coach Barham had announced from the front of the bus. This was ten minutes ago. How to kill twenty minutes? I mused. Most of my teammates were occupied with their phones; a few had their noses in textbooks, using the delay to catch up on their studies.

As for me—well, I had another idea . . .

I whipped out my phone and texted Bonnie. She was our athletic trainer. She was seated in the middle of the bus, her distinctive red ponytail betraying her position. My message was blunt and to the point. She responded immediately, agreeing to meet me in the men's room.

Then I texted Gabe; he was our star goal-keeper. Like Bonnie, he was agreeable with my plan. It wasn't the first time that the three of us had gotten together for the some fun.

And I hoped it wouldn't be the last.

"Looks kind of suspicious, don't you think?" Bonnie asked as we entered the men's room.

Gabe searched her face. "The three of us going to the can at the same time?"

"Yeah."

"I wouldn't worry about it, Bonnie," I told her. "When you got to go—"

scrambled and black coffee.

**40+:** Same for me, and sour dough toast, please.

**Janet:** So you want to ask me about my porn career? Yes?

**40+:** Yup. You started adult movies a bit late in life?

Janet: I did, but haven't regretted a minute of it. As a matter of fact my sex life has never been better.

**40+:** Please elaborate for us.

Janet: First of all, I understand sex much better now than in my twenties. Even though, professionally, it's done for the camera, it's still fun. Don't let anyone tell you that most, if not all, performers don't love sex. "You got to go," she finished for me.

The dash from the bus to the soccer complex's restroom facilities on the far side of the parking lot had been a wet one. Our rain slickers were beaded with water.

Bonnie removed her hood. "If somebody should come in—"

"Nobody's going to come in here," I assured her. "Not in this crap. It's raining cats and dogs out there. Did you see the way everybody looked at us before we got off the bus? They thought we were nuts."

"Or suffering explosive diarrhea," Gabe said. Bonnie grimaced. "Lovely image, Gabe. You really know how to set the mood."

"Enough talk," I said. "My dick is hard." "I second that," Gabe added.

Bonnie was an excellent athletic trainer. She was also a highly skilled cock gobbler. Gabe and I stood there beneath the harsh fluorescent lights, waving our pricks in her cutely freckled face. Having knelt before us, she proceeded to service us with slutty enthusiasm.

Her fingers wrapped around Gabe's pole, Bonnie opened wide and devoured my member. She stroked Gabe with a one-handed technique, pumping him nice and slow while sucking my dick.

Bonnie had told me that she chose two players each season, two distinguished players to bestow with extra special care. For whatever reason, Gabe and I had been this season's lucky pair. As much as I wanted to go pro and move on with my life, I also hated to see my AA League career come to an end. Parting with Bonnie was going to be rough.

Her hand slid up and down Gabe's rod with increasing speed, matching the tempo of her head, which she whipped to and fro, sucking my cock with fierce focus.

I reached down and removed her ponytail tie. Bonnie's lustrous red hair fanned wildly, framing her attractive face.

She switched things around, never missing a beat as she engulfed Gab's boner and commenced to tugging mine. Bonnie's hand jobs were legendary, right up there with her stellar BJs. My dick responded, elongating, and hard-



ening as she shucked me masterfully.

Meanwhile, Gabe had placed his hands atop Bonnie's head, holding it stationary so that he could properly fuck her face. Driving his hips, he plunged his manhood in and out. The sight of Bonnie's mouth stuffed with my teammate's man meat turned me on in a big way. This in tandem with Bonnie's superb stroking technique pushed me to the brink. My balls had reached the bursting point.

And Gabe's had, too.

He grunted and pulled out of Bonnie's mouth, then jerked his prick in her face. I was content to let her finish me with her hand. Gabe came two or three seconds before I did. Bonnie took it in her usual eager fashion, delighting in our combined loads creaming her complexion.

No sooner had she cleaned herself at the sink than the sound of clapping spectators sounded from outside.

Gabe rushed to the door. "Storm's over," he said. "Both teams are just starting to warm up. Come on, you two."

It was a hell of a game, a hard fought battle between two of the best. Unfortunately we lost in overtime when they scored on penalty kicks. The return trip to was long and somber. Nobody said a word. But the depression abated—Gabe's and mine—shortly after arriving home.

Bonnie, athletic trainer extraordinaire, made everything boner . . .

I mean better.

– Wade G., Raleigh, NC

**40+:** And you love sex, right?

Janet: Oh hell, yes! Especially with younger guys. I just love a hard body, and an even harder cock. If I can go for hours, I expect my lover to be able to do the same.

**40+:** Have any male actors disappointed you?

Janet: No, not really. I have my ways to keep them hard, and cumming. So no one can disappoint me!

If you have something interesting to share, then go write ahead. Send your letters to the Editor, Blair Publishing, Inc., 10170 W. Tropicana Ave. #156-168, Las Vegas, NV 89147. All submissions become the property of Blair Publishing, Inc., and up to our discretion to publish them — or not. Either way, we really do enjoy reading them all.









Want to spend the night with me? I've got a warm bed, and an even warmer pussy. If you get too tired out, then I've got two soft pillows, and a pair of wet lips you can rest your head on. I move around a bit in my sleep, so I hope you don't mind my full supple breasts and round ass being all over your body.















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ead pounding, stomach roiling, throat dryer than the Kalahari Desert, Ty Losi managed to climb out of bed just a few minutes shy of noon. The hangover was bad, one of the worst he could recall in recent years. Saturday night's bar hopping had come back to bite him in a big way.

"Shit," he groaned, shuffling unsteadily to the bathroom.

A cold shower helped. By the time he had toweled off, downed a cup of instant coffee, and eaten a bowl of cereal, he was feeling almost human again.

But his relief was tempered by the crushing clarity of last night's cab ride. Far too wasted to drive home, he had summoned a taxi. Now he had to fetch his car from the bar, and the bar was hardly within walking distance.

"Great," Ty grumbled. "Just great . . ."

His options were limited. A new job had brought Ty to the city last month. He had yet to make what he would deem a true friend. As for his coworkers—well, he didn't want anybody at the office to know about his weekend binges.

Ty hated to summon another taxi. Last night's fare had been steep. Still, he had no real choice in the matter. Resolved to his fate, he sighed wearily and swiped his phone from the kitchen counter.

Ty stood at the window and watched the canary yellow minivan come to a stop in front of his apartment. "It's about time," he muttered to himself. Then he was out the door and hurrying to the side of the van. He paid no attention to the driver until he was seated on the back bench seat.

"Jena?" Ty remarked with surprise.

"Ty?" the driver replied.

She released the wheel and turned to face her passenger. Her face flushed with embarrassment. Ty's did too.

"Small world," he remarked.

"Yeah," Jena said. "Too damned small . . ."

Of course Ty had had no idea that his colleague moonlighted as a cab driver. The whole thing came as a complete shock. Sadly, the firm they worked for wasn't paying her enough to make ends meet.

"A cabbie, huh?" he stated.

"Every weekend," Jena said. "What can I say? I need the money."

"Don't we all," Ty told her.

So much for keeping his weekend binges a secret. Jena was no fool. When they reached the bar she would know that he had been too wasted to drive home. Granted, getting drunk was hardly the crime of the century. But Ty would rather his coworker not know about such things. Jena might tell somebody in their department and unwittingly unleash a runaway train of nasty office gossip.

"Where to?" she asked him.

Ty hated to say it, but he had no choice.

"Frank's," he told her. "You know the place?" "Oh, yeah." Jena threw the van in gear. "I know it well."

"Here we are." Jena wheeled to the curb in front of the bar. Frank's was a downtown dive, a pickup bar, a regular meat market. It was also closed on Sundays. Ty saw his car parked along-side the curb across the street. As old as the car was, he had never been so happy to see the thing. No smashed windows. No missing rims. She had

Jena was no fool. When they reached the bar she would know that he had been too wasted to drive home.













survived the night unscathed.

As for his reputation—well, that remained to be seen . . .

Ty paid his fare with cash he had withdrawn from the ATM the previous night. He included a generous tip, so generous that Jena looked at him strangely.

"You wouldn't be trying to bribe me, would you?"

"It's not like that, Jena."

"Look, Ty," she stated in a matter of fact tone, "I won't say a word about you getting shitfaced at Frank's; if you don't say a word about me spending my weekends behind the wheel of this smelly cab..."

"Deal," Ty said. "But keep the money, please." Jena smiled. "You know, Ty, it's probably none of my business, but you hardly seem the type to frequent a dump like Frank's."

"What's that supposed to mean?"

"Guys go to Frank's for one reason—to pick up some skank for a quick and easy lay. You're better than that, Ty. You don't have to stoop so low for a piece of ass."

Ty could hardly believe his coworker's forthrightness. Jena was a straight shooter. He liked this about her, liked it a whole hell of a lot.

Jena said, "You're new in town, I get it. You haven't met anybody. But don't search too hard. The answer to your problem might be closer than you think. In fact, it might be staring you in the face this very minute."

"Are you hitting on me, Jena?"

Her smile grew wider. "Ever fucked in a cab?"

Ty watched with amazement as Jena sucked his cock sloppily. Having driven

them to an out of the way spot beneath the elevated rail, she had parked the minivan and joined him in the back.

Now he sat there getting his knob polished good and proper. Jena's head pumped in his lap, bobbing frenziedly to the accompaniment of lewd slurping sounds. He leaned back, unable to believe this turn of events.

Jena.

Coworker.

Part-time cabbie.

And hungry for his hard cock.

She came up for air. Grinning naughtily, gasping, her full lips glistened. A rivulet of saliva oozed down her chin. "I hope you like eating pussy, Ty."

"As a matter of fact, I do."

It wasn't long before he was doing just that. Having peeled her jeans, Jena stretched out on the seat. Ty removed her panties with haste, eager to savor her snatch. He licked and nibbled her cunt lips. Jena moaned delightedly, writhing and mewling as he serviced her clit with the tip of his talented tongue.

Ty brought her to the brink of orgasm. Then he eased up, allowing Jena to catch her breath and reset her gears prior to the main event. Getting his dick sucked and eating her pussy had given him a considerable hard on; that and the fact that he hadn't been with a woman since relocating for his job.

Heart hammering with excitement, Ty climbed on top of her. He plunged his rigid member, pushing it deep inside his coworker with a powerful thrust. Jena grunted and raised her knees, open-

> ing herself to receive him in full. Ty pounded her savagely, fucking her hard and fast. Her pussy gripped his rod, sheathing him in its snug embrace, pumping him as he moved between her thighs.

"Come on my tits," Jena urged breathily. "Give me your hot cum."

Ty pulled out and jerked himself to completion, spattering her twin mounds with much jizz.

Monday at the office was anything but typical for Ty. He found it increasingly difficult to concen-

Heart hammering with
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top of her. He
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trate on his work. His tryst with Jena in the back of the cab played over and over inside his head, making it all but impossible to focus on his various projects.

Jena sat at her desk across the room, typing away at her computer, seemingly oblivious to his presence. Ty kept looking her way, admiring her pleasing profile. He wondered if she had enjoyed yesterday's hookup as much as he had. He certainly hoped so. Ty wanted to do it again, wanted to make it a regular thing with his hot coworker.

He thought about her part-time job as a cab driver, getting increasingly angry at the higher ups who determined her salary. That she had to work two jobs to get by was an absolute travesty. Still, there was nothing he could do about it.

Not yet, anyway. Not until he had been with the firm a lot longer, and had earned the respect of his superiors. Perhaps then they would listen to him when he pleaded Jena's case. In the meantime he would do whatever he could to keep her spirits high.

"No time like the present," he muttered to himself.

It was noon. Lunch time. Ty picked up his desk phone and punched in Jena's extension, watching her as she took his call.

"Hey, Ty," Jena said.

"Hungry?" he asked her.

"Starving."

They went to a deli around the corner where she ate enough for the both of them. Ty tried to pay for Jena's food but she declined his offer. They exited the deli, joining the bustling throng on the sidewalk.

"We've still got fifteen minutes," Jena said.

"Meaning?" Ty inquired.

"Meaning we've got just enough time for a

quickie." Jena laughed at her own brazenness. "You must think I'm such a hypocrite. Yesterday I was talking bad about the sluts frequenting Frank's, and look at me. Hell, I'm just as bad."

"I wouldn't want you any other way," Ty remarked.

They dashed into a winding alley, settling for a tight nook behind a dumpster. Jena unzipped Ty's trousers and freed his cock. Spitting in her palm, she proceeded to stroke him with expert skill. She moved her hand rhythmically, getting wetter and wetter as his shaft thickened and hardened in her palm. Yesterday's

fuck had been fantastic. Her pussy was still sore. A good ache, this, as it made her thrum with life.

Jena released Ty's stiff member and leaned against a dirty brick wall. Ty pressed her to the wall, lifting one of her legs, which she hooked around his waist. Her light weight dress was ideal for the occasion. His hands plied her slender thighs. Jena breathed raggedly when he pushed her panties to the side. His engorged glans found her slit. Then he entered her in earnest, making her grunt.

He fucked her against the wall, driving his pelvis frenziedly. Jena clawed at his back and shoulders. She sighed in his ear. Ty banged her relentlessly. His trousers had slid down his legs to cover his shoes. He paid them no heed as he screwed her faster and harder, enjoying every minute of their lunch break quickie.

Jena tensed in the throes of orgasm. Ty withdrew and waggled his cock, urging his coworker to finish him with her mouth. Jena was all for it. She knelt before him and went to work. Her lips wrapped around his pole, she pumped her head to and fro, treating him to a spectacular blowjob the likes of which he had never experienced.

Ty came with shocking suddenness. He didn't even have time to warn her before blasting the back of her throat with spunk. Jena didn't seem to mind, not one bit.

She swallowed his load.

Ty quit going to Frank's, much to Jena's delight. Still, he didn't quit the bar scene. Saturday nights remain his favorite time to drink, especially with Jena crisscrossing the city behind the wheel of her cab. He calls her almost every week for a ride home. Too drunk to drive.

But never too drunk to get it up for his favorite cabby!

Spitting in her palm, she proceeded to stroke him with expert skill.

She moved her hand rhythmically, getting wetter and wetter as his shaft thickened and hardened in her palm.



































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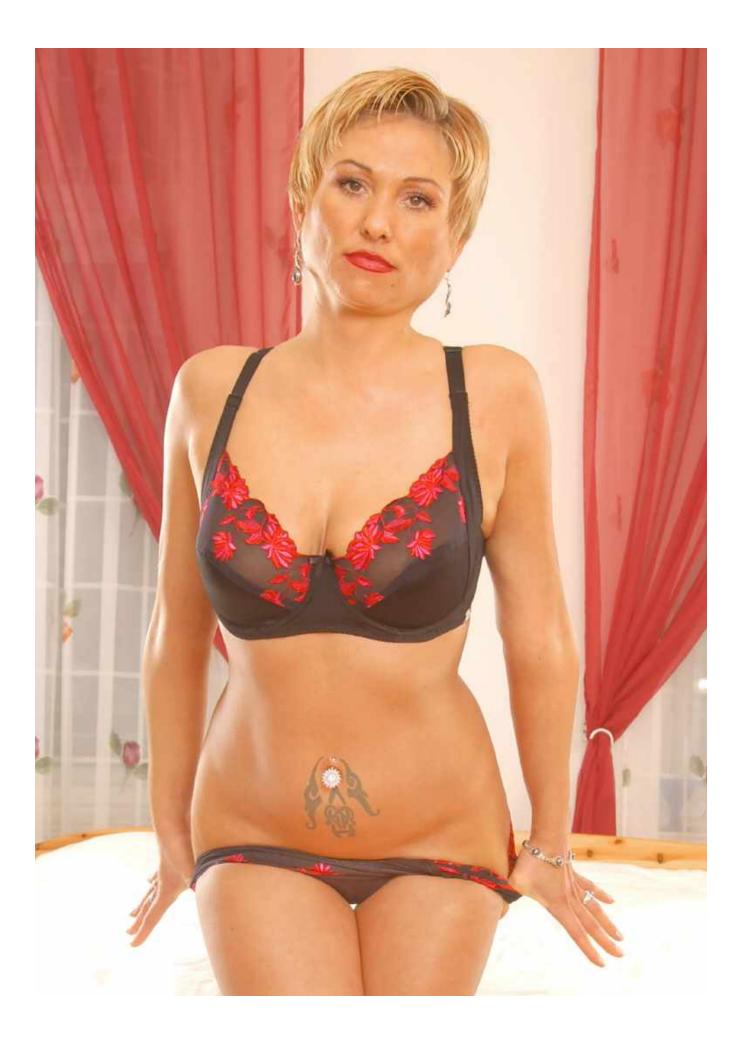
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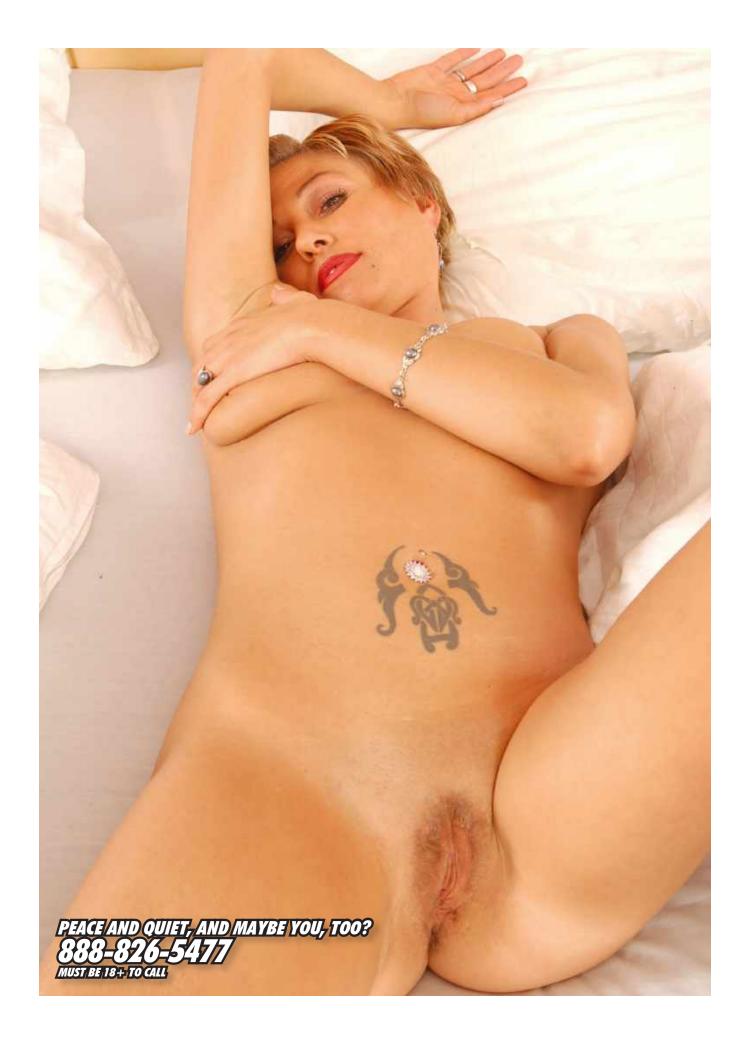
I've planned a romantic getaway for myself. I booked out an entire honeymoon suite, put on my sexiest lingerie, and enjoyed some intimate, personal time. I did a little striptease in the mirror. My gosh, am I sexy! Then, I explored myself soft and slow with my hands until I exploded in sexual pleasure. I gotta do this more often!









































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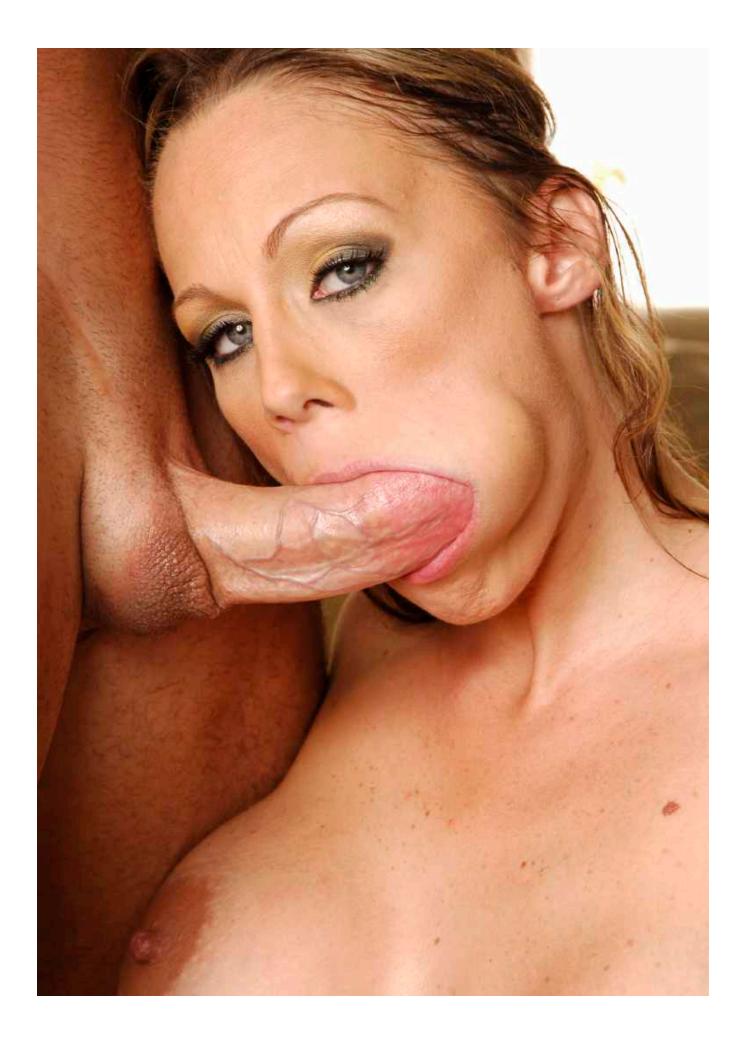


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John spent the whole afternoon walking behind Sunny at the park staring at her delicious ass swinging with every step. Once he got her home, she starts slobbering all over his cock until he can't take any more and grabs her by the waist. Then they fuck till she's shaking.



















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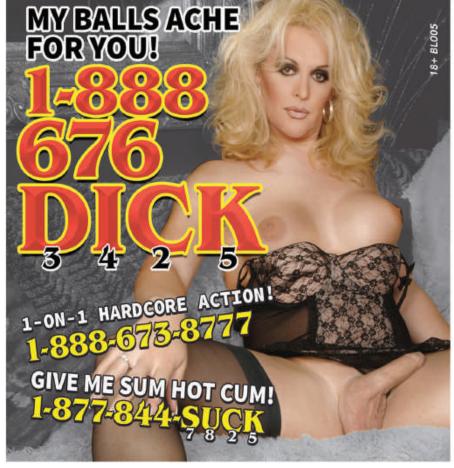














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